

PROSPECTS ARE SATISFACTORY

Summary of a Week's Trade.

Heavy Exports on the Pacific Coast.

The Rush to Alaska Causes a Brisk Demand for Cattle and Breadstuffs.

New York, January 14.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say in its issue of tomorrow:

The year opened with very satisfactory prospects. It is all the better that there is no wild excitement in the speculative markets and while stocks advance a little, grain yields a little. The payments through principal clearing houses, notwithstanding a decrease at New York, owing to less activity in stocks, are 2.6 per cent larger than in 1902 and 10.1 per cent larger outside New York. Earnings of all railroads in the United States reporting for December, \$43,364,779, indicate substantially the same rate of increase, exceeding last year's by 10.5 per cent and the earnings of 1892 for the same roads by 1.3 per cent. Since 1892 was on the whole the most prosperous year thus far, comparisons indicate, notwithstanding the lowest prices ever known, that the volume of business is larger and, in spite of some cutting of rates, the earnings of railroads are larger than in the best year of past history.

The wheat market has been seriously languid, yielding 1/2, although Atlantic exports amounted to 6,056,788 bushels for the two weeks of January, against 3,985,317 last year, and Pacific exports for the week have been 1,375,076 bushels with the greatest accumulation of wheat at Chicago ever known there is little encouragement for speculation. Receipts were 5,877,250 bushels for the two weeks against 3,088,588 bushels last year.

The iron-furnaces in this last January report an output of 229,461 tons, against 228,024 last year. December let, with an average of 13,481 tons in the week, and the Pacific coast held by furnaces.

The Pennsylvania road has ordered 100,000 tons of steel rails and a new railroad in Maine 12,000 tons and other orders for rails, railroad supplies, glass, bars and structural material are unusually large for the time of year.

The woolen manufacturers have been having wool largely and for reasons not publicly explained. It is evident that large orders have been taken by the leading mills at prices which they find satisfactory, and the rush of small lots during the past week, although sales have declined about 40 per cent compared with the previous week, but prices are decidedly better demand for men's wear goods and the makers look forward to a good demand soon. The cotton manufacturers have been loading by excessive production and loading by excessive production and no gain in prices.

Features for the past week have been 349 in the United States against 431 last year, and 46 in Canada against 71 last year.

New York, January 14.—Bradstreet's of tomorrow will say:

Distribution of goods remains rather quiet, mild weather throughout the country tending to check distribution of winter goods. Prices generally remain steady or tend upward, except for some grades of iron and orders for spring trade, where received, are encouraging.

Industrial activity is most manifest at the West, where the demand for iron is very large.

A good export demand for cotton and grain at steady prices is a feature. The East a number of reports expected were reductions in rates. Some woolen mills are working on heavy men's wear goods, are retreating orders, their capacity being fully booked.

The rush to Alaska has already begun on the Pacific coast. Freight charges are reported lower. Export trade continues large, a gain of 5 per cent on the total exports of coal, cotton, mineral oil, cattle and hogs, and provisions being shown both for December and the calendar year.

The recent falling off in wheat exports prove, as was indicated last week, to have been due to the usual falling off and not to any real decline in demand from the United States and Canada this week amounted to 1,585,160 bushels, against 3,451,000 bushels last week, 3,918,000 bushels this week a year ago and 3,202,000 bushels in 1899.

Corn exports for the week show a gain of 1,000,000 bushels, amounting to 4,611,000 bushels against 3,555,000 last year and 3,300,000 in the corresponding week of 1896.

New York, January 14.—Bradstreet's Financial Review tomorrow will say:

Both speculation and investment have been active during the past week. The best feature of the market has been the very heavy dealings in bonds at generally higher prices, both for the high grade and new and more speculative classes.

Transactions, rising as they have to \$24,000,000 or \$25,000,000 of trading, distasteful exchange with an unusually large number of different issues, would indicate a large demand for investments and the growth of confidence in regard to the position and future of the market. The position also displayed a marked increase in the volume of dealings, an advancing tendency. The manipulation, considerable speculative stocks by comparison, will be a feature and money bonds have shown a disposition toward London by German interests in the market, a considerable amount of this market has realized from time to time in expectation of a reaction to some extent constrained to

get back stocks at high figures. The first serious interruption to the bullish tendency was on Thursday, when reports indicating that trouble with Spain might result from a riot in Havana, caused selling of long stock, though the market rallied when such fears were shown to be unfounded.

The strength of the list generally was

universally affected by the decline in

American sugar raising, due to the

announcement made at its annual meeting

that the company's surplus would not

be distributed as extra dividends.

Industrial stocks were in part

active, and the bullish sentiment

centered in railroad shares, and

the Vanderbilt taking the most

prominent place.

Presidential Nominations.

Washington, January 14.—The Pres-

ident today sent these nominations to

the senate:

H. King of Michigan, to be minister

to Spain.

To be secretary of the Interior—J. C.

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THE APES MUTINIED.

ON A VOYAGE FROM AFRICA THEY CAPTURED THE SHIP.

Drove All the Crew Excepting the Captain into the Rigging—The Exception Was Made to the Captain, the Exception Was Made to the Captain, the Exception Was Made to the Captain.

"I have had some strange crews in my experience," said old Captain Benson, "but the funniest kind of a ship's company that I ever sailed with was one of big African apes, and it happened in this way:

"It was during that period of the life of the great showman P. T. Barnum, when he had his museum on lower Broadway in New York city, that my vessel was chartered by him to go out to Africa and to bring back a cargo of wild animals that he agents in that country had collected. We had three big and two baby elephants in the hold, also a rhinoceros and a giraffe, while in wooden houses on deck we carried several zebras, a number of antelope and deer, also two huge apes as large as men and looking in the face exactly like the cartoons of the Barnum and Bailey show. The apes were very intelligent and were capable of being taught many amusing tricks.

"On our voyage home I had occasion a number of times to advise the officers and men against teasing these creatures, telling them that they were known to possess a great memory and were very intelligent and would surely make it a point to get even with their tormentors at the first opportunity, but as the heavy wooden bars divided them from the hairy faces that peered at their tormentors they felt safe enough to give no heed to my warnings. The mates and sailors took good care, however, to pass at a safe distance from the cage in going about their work, for on two or three occasions the alert occupants had been known to suddenly thrust forth a long muscular arm and grip the unvarying bars in such a savage way as to elicit a howl of pain on Jack's part. I could go among them without the slightest fear and several times entered their cage for the purpose of caring for a sickly little baby ape that had been born just after leaving Africa, and for which the ocean voyage subsequently proved too heroic as it died before we reached New York.

"One morning the crew were all aloft on the yards furling sail, for it was blowing strong and the ship had been obliged to reduce her speed of canvas. I had taken the wheel, and the two mates were going from mast to mast helping the work along by hauling upon the gear as it was required. The apes had been fed a short time before, and it must have been that I had carelessly fastened the bar that secured the cage door, for while I was looking aloft I heard a startled yell from my two officers, and the next moment they were clanking up the rigging like monkeys themselves, while the crowd of apes came leaping aft in pursuit of them.

"Then the funniest scene that I ever witnessed was presented. Six of the apes took stations at the foot of the shrouds, so that each mast was guarded on both sides, and the other four mounted the shrouds with all the agility of sailors and sought to reach the men. The apes followed the men as they mounted higher and higher to escape; then, when the latter could climb no farther, they would grasp a stay that led to some place of temporary safety and slide down it, sometimes going from one spar to another in this way. For nearly an hour this impromptu exhibition continued, and during all this time the sentries on deck hopped about in excitement, uttering guttural yells, which I have no doubt were cries of encouragement and advice to their friends aloft.

"At last the big monkeys gave up the chase and came down on deck, where they joined the others and all sat on their haunches, gazing up at the crew, occasionally showing their rows of yellowed looking teeth, as much as to say: 'All right, my fine fellows. You say where you are if you know what's good for your heads.'

"I had been thinking out a plan to recover possession of my ship, and now put it in execution. Apes are very fond of bananas, and in my room I had a big bunch that had been given when placed on board, but which had ripened perfectly since that time. It gave me something of a heart-spring to part with them, but I considered that if the apes would eat the bananas I would not be a great one. So I dashed the wheel to keep the ship steady, then I brought the fruit from below, carried it forward in full view of the apes and placed it within their cage, standing beside the door and carefully eating a banana that I had broken from the bunch.

"The apes crowded inside and fell to work on the bananas as though it was an eating match, with a prize for the one that consumed the greatest number in a given time. I slammed the door to and fastened it upon my antlers, and you may be assured that for the remainder of that voyage the security of that gate was carefully looked after."

—Harper's Round Table.

A French parrot tells a story of an American (probably Chicago) deacon, the owner of a large pork-packing establishment, who was not above sharing the work of his men. He used to stand at the head of the slaughtering trough, watch in hand, to time the length of the seal, crying, "Hog in!" when the carcass was to be thrown into the trough and "Hog out!" when the watch told three minutes.

One week the press of business compelled him to work unusually hard, and Saturday found the deacon completely exhausted. He was too good a churchman to rest next morning, however, and, tired out as he was, he attended service as usual, but the strain was too great. He soon fell asleep. The minister preached a sermon of uncommon effectiveness, the provocation of which was a perfect climax of beauty. Assuming the attitude of one listening intently, he recoiled to the breathless audience:

"Hark! They whisper. Angels say."

"Hog in!" came in stentorian tones from the deacon's pew. The astonished congregation turned from the preacher, but he, too, hushed, went on:

"Hog out!" shouted the deacon; "tally ho!"

AN EPISODE.

She pours the tea, and as her hand Above the dainty china fingers I raise my own right hand aloft And smile upon the jeweled fingers.

"You'll break the teacup, Jack!" she cries. And on the floor I hear it clatter. "Oh, what care I for cups," I say, "While you have got a heart to shatter!"

"Don't break it, that's a dear," she says: "The cup, I mean!" And then, with a laugh, "I tell her it is not her cup, But heart, her humble servant's after."

"You've broken that long since," she sighs. "I never can forgive you, never!" And—well, she did, and now she's come To nuzzle and pour my tea forever.

—E. C. R. in What to Eat.

LONDON SLUMS.

The Rent Collector and the Difficulties He Encounters There.

Slums properly apparently has its drawbacks, though it is generally regarded as the most profitable, for most of the owners do not as a rule allow such trifles as repairs to reduce the amount of the rents.

"This work is breaking up my nervous system," said a man who has been collecting rents for years in some of the worst slums. "I am really beginning to feel that I shall need my death at it."

"Much ill feeling of which I am the victim is engendered between landlord and tenant over the question of repairs. It does not pay to be always repairing such broken down properties, though of course repairs are always being asked for, and some people have a decidedly unpleasant manner of trying to impress on me the necessity for such."

"They are continually altering me into all sorts of undesirable traps. I nearly broke my neck once by walking up a dark staircase in which a few boards were broken and loose, and a woman who had asked me to walk up calmly told me to get my master to have it mended. If there is a dark, rickety staircase without a banister, I am sure to be asked to walk up it, and on one occasion I was nearly frightened out of my wits by my head coming in contact with some hanging paper and plaster which had fallen from a passage ceiling and was suspended by a very nice support."

"In addition to all this the tenants, when they hear I am about, put pots of water and brown linings in the dark passages. I may traverse, besides making other preparations for festering similar delicate attentions on me."

"Only recently a woman asked me to come and look at the awful state of repair of one of her rooms. She took me in a large cupboard and opened it and the corpse of a man tumbled into the room. It was only her poor, dear husband, she said, whom she had stored there for convenience till the coffin arrived. Of course she had put him there only to give me a pleasant little surprise, and she was so successful that a doctor advised me to lay up for a week."

"Sometimes a trick or two will be aimed at my head without my being able to discover whence it came, and I have just had an interview with a man who showed me a broken window through which he had shoved his wife's head backward and forward by way of chastisement, and he expressed what exquisite delight he would take in doing the same to me if the window was not so mended."

—All this is quite apart from the trouble I have in obtaining money."

—Fenian's Weekly.

Jan Macdonald on Rent.

"Scott was all gold, and even the angels are not enough; the gravel ought to be as fine and the gold dust gathered in, for Scott had such an affinity of knowledge, legend and poetry that he did not write by measure, but put his hand into his pocket and threw out money that any might pick it up. What one is afraid of is that Scott is being raised to the elevation of a classic, and that is the same thing as taking a man out of the house of commons, where he is an active figure, and placing him in the stately sedition of the house of lords. I do not know a single page of Scott that is not readable, and I do not know a single page that would shake a man's faith or bring a blush to a woman's cheek. Why do not people read Scott as they ought to? Because they are not interested, and their object is to be amused. Amusing! One of the greatest functions of fiction is to be amusing in the right sense—that of lifting up the weight and care of daily life from men's minds by leading them into regions of sentiment and romance."

—The Nearest Approach.

An English tourist visited Arnan, and being a keen disciple of Isaac Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport.

Being told that the dog, or horefly, would suit his purpose admirably for a lure, he addressed himself to Christy, the highland servant, and said, "I say, my girl, can you get me some horeflies?"

Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he explained: "Why, girl, did you never see a horefly?"

"Nae, sir," said the girl, "but a wau-saw can jump over a presbiter."

—Rambler.

Extenuation.

"I can tell when my wife buys something she considers extravagant."

"How can you tell?"

"She always explains that she bought it with a \$5 bill she happened to have tucked away."

—Chicago Record.

The citizen who is determined to take care of himself alone is of very little use to a community, and few tears are shed when he takes his final departure. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

The cost of a patent in Germany is \$100, which includes the taxes for six years.

For Over Fifty Years Mrs. Winslow's SCOTCH WHISKY has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, cures the pain, plays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Opportunity. Elegant furnished lodging house for sale cheap. Party going to Alaska. Well established transient trade. Address M. M. Sheen, 213 1/2 Post street, San Francisco, Cal.

For the finest lunch and glass of beer go to the Tirol.

SAW CANAAN.

A Man Says He Was Called Back to Life by the Cries of His Wife.

William Graham, a consumptive, and his wife lived in a cottage in Santa Monica, Cal. The other night Graham apparently died. An undertaker was called in and prepared the body for burial. The frenzied young wife was finally allowed to go into the room, and in a paroxysm of grief she threw herself upon the body, straining it to her breast and calling to her loved one to come back. It was some minutes before she could be led away, and then it was noticed that a slight shudder ran through the man's body. Restoratives and massage were applied, and within an hour Graham was able to speak.

Graham says that he went out of this life and journeyed into another country. He describes a beautiful land lined with stately trees, streets of music were in the air, and he says that along a pathway his father came to meet him. He tells of their greeting and conversation, and then of his being torn away, called back to his worn and aching body by the insistent calls of his wife.

AN EXPERT THIEF.

She Has Been Arrested a Thousand Times For Her Misdeeds.

Emma Thompson, alias Little Louisa, alias Laura Bigelow, a little, wrinkled woman of nearly 65 years, said by the police to be an expert thief with an international reputation, is locked up at headquarters in Chicago.

The woman during the past five or six years has been in Europe, most of the time in England, and returned only recently from Windsor, Ont. About the same time Detective Sergeant McKeown returned from a trip to Des Moines. The two met face to face on the street, and the woman was compelled to accompany the officer to the police station.

It is said that Emma Thompson has been arrested no less than 1,000 times during her life, but she has seldom been sent to prison, because, the police say, she is too clever.

Lightning's Quiver Forks. Lightning killed Major Jameson of Guildford, England, the other day and gave a remarkable illustration of what the electric fluid can accomplish. Major Jameson, who was picking mushrooms in an open meadow, was forced, face downward, almost dead. There was only one vital spark, and it must have been this, the center's fury decided, which killed him. One of the man's legs was torn from the first and hurled some yards away. The other leg, torn from the hip, was hurled a distance of 150 yards. Major Jameson's cap, shirt, undershirt and trousers were hurled into the air. The lightning struck him on the head, and passing on, it struck the ground 150 yards from him. A goodly number of the people who were in the meadow at the time were struck and the words were hurled into the air.

"IMPERIAL FRESNO,"

A Splendid Book

RESOURCES, INDUSTRIES AND SCENERY OF THE COUNTY

Illustrated and Described.

A beautiful souvenir to send to your friends at a distance. Mountain and valley illustrated by fine half-tone engravings. The book is printed on the most expensive paper and handsomely bound. It is descriptive, statistical, illustrative—and a complete expository of Fresno county.

WHAT SOME OF THE LEADING PAPERS SAY OF IT.

From the Sacramento Bee.

The Bee has received a copy of "Imperial Fresno," a beautiful souvenir of some 150 pages, issued by the Fresno Republican, and representing its own letter press. The work is modeled closely on the line of the Bee's souvenir, and takes rank with the most artistic volumes ever issued in this state. We have never seen a more tastefully gotten-up collection of pictures than that which adorns its pages.

As the preface says, the book is published to advertise Fresno county; to present to the reader views that will as far as possible tell their own story. Let us follow the preface further, and learn that "here is a country as large as some of the New England states; here is a valley sixty to eighty miles wide, irrigated by broad canals led down from rivers by perpetual snows; here is almost uninterrupted sunshine, and a soil that is remarkably fertile; here are orchards, vineyards and gardens rich and well watered by the Arroyos, or grown on mesas in Southern Asia."

Yes, Fresno is a county of which its people should be proud, and this souvenir is a work which every citizen of Fresno should most enthusiastically endorse. No paper could have given the task of preparing such a volume better intelligence than the Republican has shown, and every page, where it is not adorned with some superb illustration, is bristling with just the sort of information a person interested in the county would want to know. This Bee knows well what a tremendous amount of labor is required to present such a work, and it most cordially extends its congratulations to it for its fine and enterprising contemporary at Fresno.

From the Oakland Tribune.

The souvenir edition of the Fresno Republican is a distinct advance in modern journalism. There is none of the "special edition" air about "Imperial Fresno," and it is a magazine rather than a newspaper. The hand-some brochure is a beautiful picture gallery, and from the splendidly colored

plate in the front to the photograph of

plate in the front to the photograph of

"IMPERIAL FRESNO" is on sale at the REPUBLICAN office and at the stationers' stores. Price—Leatherette, 75c; cloth bound, \$1.50.

Fresno Republican Publishing Co.

BUSINESS OFFICE—1842 TULARE STREET. TELEPHONE MAIN 97.

A Model Town.

Hoopstown, Ill., a town of 4,000 inhabitants, has never had a saloon. The mayor receives a salary of 50 cents a year, the remuneration of each of the councilmen is half that amount, and no fees are accepted. Last year the combined salaries of the mayor and the city fathers were given to help a needy widow pay her taxes.—New York Tribune.

The Minook.

If you want the choicest wines, liquors and cigars drop in at the Minook, No. 1119 J street. Finest free lunch to be found in the city. Private rooms for parties.

Universal Food Choppers at Barrett Michels Co.'s.

But Say.

Don't those hot tamales beat them all, which you can get at the Old Palm Garden?

Sewer Pipe, D. E. & Co.

Terra Cotta Pipe, D. E. & Co.

Watermelon Gin cures lumbago. Used by all crusty merchants. National saloon, eatery and lager de per glass.

Free Hot Lunch

Day and night at Fresno Beer Hall, J and Tulare streets.

White's Sewing Machine agency at Donahoe, Emmons & Co.'s.

Ranchers and Vineyardists

Call at Paul Mayer's lodging house for sober and reliable hands. Telephone No. 232.

House Paints, quality guaranteed. Donahoe, Emmons & Co.

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